

A CURELESS GRIEF.

I knew her so well and I knew her so long,
And the great throbbing hope of my life
Grew ever and ever and ever more strong,
Till one day I said "Be my wife!"

She laughed when I said it—she looked up
And that laughter still rings in my ear—
Why do the wild waves of my memory wait
That soul-chilling sound to me here?

Yet now as I once again visit the spot
Where we sat in the silent star shine,
I find myself mourning the love that was
not—
The kisses that might have been mine.
—Denver Times.

BY MY HEEL.

"Mr. Ransom, please tell us how it
is that you are filling such a respon-
sible position, and you not yet thirty
years old?"

This question was asked by one of
a crowd of four or five gentlemen
seated in the handsome private office
of Mr. Ransom, superintendent of
transportation of the Chicago and
Western railroad at Omaha, Neb.

"Well," replied the superintendent,
a good looking young man of twenty-
six or thereabouts, "if you will
have the patience to listen I will nar-
rate briefly how my heel caused my
promotion and was the means of
saving many lives."

"Five years ago I was station agent
and operator at Hamlin on this road.
The depot was the only building at
Hamlin, consequently I had to do my
own cooking and sleeping in the de-
pot, getting my supplies from Randa,
a place of about 500 inhabitants, eight
miles up the railroad.

"It was about ten o'clock on a hot,
sultry night in August. There did
not seem to be a breath of air stirring.
The windows were up and the doors
were thrown open so as to admit all
the air possible. No. 32, the fast
mail, had to be reported before I could
get good night from my dispatchers
and retire.

"I had pulled off my shoes and had
nothing on my feet but my stockings.
As I was idly leaning back in my
chair, my feet propped up on the in-
strument table and lazily drumming
on the key with my heel, I heard a
slight noise behind me. Before I
could turn around to ascertain the
cause a man's harsh voice rang out:

"Move an inch and you are a dead
man," and at the same moment I felt
the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed
against my head.

"Put your hands behind you,"
commanded the same voice sternly.

"I obeyed with alacrity.

"My hands were seized roughly
and bound securely to the back of the
chair.

"Now, my beauty, I guess you
won't do much more telegraphing to-
night," and he broke out into a dis-
cordant laugh.

"He evidently thought it amusing,
I didn't.

"Come on boys," he yelled. "I've
got this kid fast."

"After a moment three or four men,
as well as I could judge with my back
to the door, walked in.

"Ha! ha! cap'n, you've got him,
have you?" and they all laughed
roughly.

"Jim," said the man addressed as
captain, "have you got the spiko
lifter?"

"You bet I haa' from one of the
men.

"The captain then turned an ad-
dressed me.

"Young man, no harm is intended
you if you keep perfectly quiet.
Doubtless your curiosity is very much
aroused as to our intentions. Well, it
can do no harm to enlighten you, as
the mischief will be done before you
can give any alarm. We intend—
and here the man's voice became ab-
solutely fiendish—to take up two
rails on that trestle out there. Let us
see, the fast mail is due here at—

"My god! man, I broke in with
horror, surely you don't intend to
wreck the fast mail? Think of the
lives that will be lost if it runs off at
that trestle! and great beads of cold
perspiration stood out on my fore-
head as I grasped the full horror of
the situation.

The trestle referred to was about
100 yards north of the depot and
spanned a very wide but shallow
creek, fully seventy-five feet below. I
knew if No. 32 jumped the track on
that trestle it meant death to every
person on board.

"Jim," cried the captain, "you re-
main here and keep your eye on this
fellow. If he moves kill him. The
remainder of you come and let's get
to work."

"Then all except Jim followed the
captain out and soon I heard the me-
tallic clink of the crowbar as it drew
the spikes from the rails.

"Oh, what could be done!

"My hands were bound so that I
could not reach the key, and even if
I tried the cut-law behind me would
send a bullet crashing through my
brain. How could I warn the crew
of No. 32 of the impending danger?

"The station ten miles above Randa
reported No. 32 on time. Soon it
would be at Randa. Never did time
pass so quickly. It was now 10:37
o'clock and No. 32 must be coming
into Randa. Suddenly an inspiration
flashed through me like an electric
shock. Why could I not warn No. 32
with my heel? In my leisure mo-
ments I had amused myself by learn-
ing to send with my foot, never dream-
ing that it would ever be an advan-
tage to me.

"I quietly pushed open the key with
my heel and called 'R' three or
four times as fast as possible, when I
was interrupted by the desperado.

"What air you wiggling your foot
about on that table for?"

"My foot has become cramped re-
maining in one position so long," I
replied, carelessly as I could, although
my heart was in my throat.

"I'm so sorry," he said sarcas-
tically.

"I commenced calling 'R' again.
It was now 10:40 o'clock and No. 32
must have left Randa.

"Too late! Too late! Oh, my God!
The agony of those moments was
terrible.

"Ah, some one broke me; 4-1-R."

"Robbers are going to wreck No.
32 at trestle just north of here—"

"I was ticking, when suddenly I
received a blow that sent me to the
floor and left the key wide open.

"D—n you, what were you ticking
on them wires?" cried the outlaw.

"How can I send anything with
my foot?" I tremblingly exclaimed.

"That's just a habit of mine drum-
ming on the key with my heel."

"Habit or no habit, you won't put
your foot on this table again to-night."

"He evidently believed that I could
not send with my heel, but it was not
his intention to take any chances.

"I wondered what the operator at
Randa would do—put on his ground
wire and report what I had said to
the dispatcher, or just think I was
trying to scare him and lock up his
office to go home. I thought the
latter more probable.

"Anyway it was now too late to
stop the ill fated mail; it would soon
plunge off the trestle, carrying its
cargo of human beings to a certain
death.

"I lay there waiting for the dread-
ful crash to come in such an agony
of suspense that the next day strands
of gray were found in my hair. Ah!
how I blamed myself for not thinking
of using my heel before I did.

"Suddenly the sounds of rifleshoots
in quick succession came from the
trestle.

"The boys are attacked!" ex-
claimed the desperado excitedly.

"But by G—d, you shall not escape
unhurt!" And placing the muzzle of
his revolver close to my head, he
fired.

"I fell back unconscious.

"When I regained my senses the
room was full of men, one of whom
was bandaging a wound on my head,
and explaining to the others the ex-
tent of the same.

"A close shave, but only a scalp
wound, men," he was saying. "I dare
say he will be all right in a few days.
Ah! he is conscious now," he said ten-
derly, as I slowly opened my eyes.

"Tell us all about it, young man."

"It was a rather laborious task, as
the wound on my head was exceed-
ingly painful, but I went ahead and
related the whole occurrence from
the time the pistol was pressed against
my head until I was shot.

"When I had finished, the gentle-
man who had bandaged my head,
and who I afterwards discovered was
a doctor, explained how operator
Rhodes, at Randa, when he heard my
message did not wait for the key to
close, but ran out doors, mounted his
horse, which he had already saddled
and bridled to ride to his home after
he had reported No. 32, and cut
through the woods at breakneck
speed. He knew that No. 32 invari-
ably stopped for water at a water tank
four miles from Randa by rail, but
only two through the woods. He had
reached there just in time to
climb on the rear car and give the
alarm.

"The train was then run ahead un-
til within about two miles of Hamlin,
and the conductor and a detachment
of United States soldiers who were
luckily on board, went ahead on foot
and surprised the outlaws, who
showed resistance and were fired into,
two of them being instantly killed.
The others were at that moment or-
namenting a telegraph pole.

"And now my narrative draws to a
close. Two weeks later I was ordered
to report here, and was given the
position of second train dispatcher.

"My promotion dates from that day.

"But what did Mr. Rhodes get?"
some one asked.

"Mr. Rhodes is now chief dis-
patcher,"—Farmers' Voice.

BLOODY WORK.

A Body of Tennesseans Armed With Old
Files Highly Sharpened.

"The most murderous work I saw
during war was done with old files on
the breastworks of Fort Donelson,"
said Captain Thomas Lorde. "General
Smith, with three regiments,
made an assault on the works and
went in, but it was a fight to the
finish. Right in front of my company
was a lot of tall Tennesseans and if
the whole line of defense had been
made of such stubborn stuff we would
have been driven back with colors
dragging. Besides ball cartridge
they used three buckshot to every
musket charge, and the result was
that as we swept up to the parapet it
literally rained lead. Most of the
defenders fled when we got inside,
but the Tennesseans received us
with their murderous knives, which
had been made of old files, were more
than a foot in length and had an edge
like a razor. A Tennessean would
grab a bayonet aimed at his breast,
dash it aside and plunge his knife
clear through the body of his assailant.
The terrible fire and scramble
over the works had thrown the com-
pany into something like disorder,
and for about a minute those Tennes-
seo knives did terrible work. We
had to turn the butts of our guns and
beat them down. I never want to
charge Tennesseans again until cer-
tain that they wear no knives."

Another bit calculation.

Principal. (to bookkeeper)—Dur-
ing the last few weeks you have made
so many miscalculations that I must
ask you to be more careful in the
future.

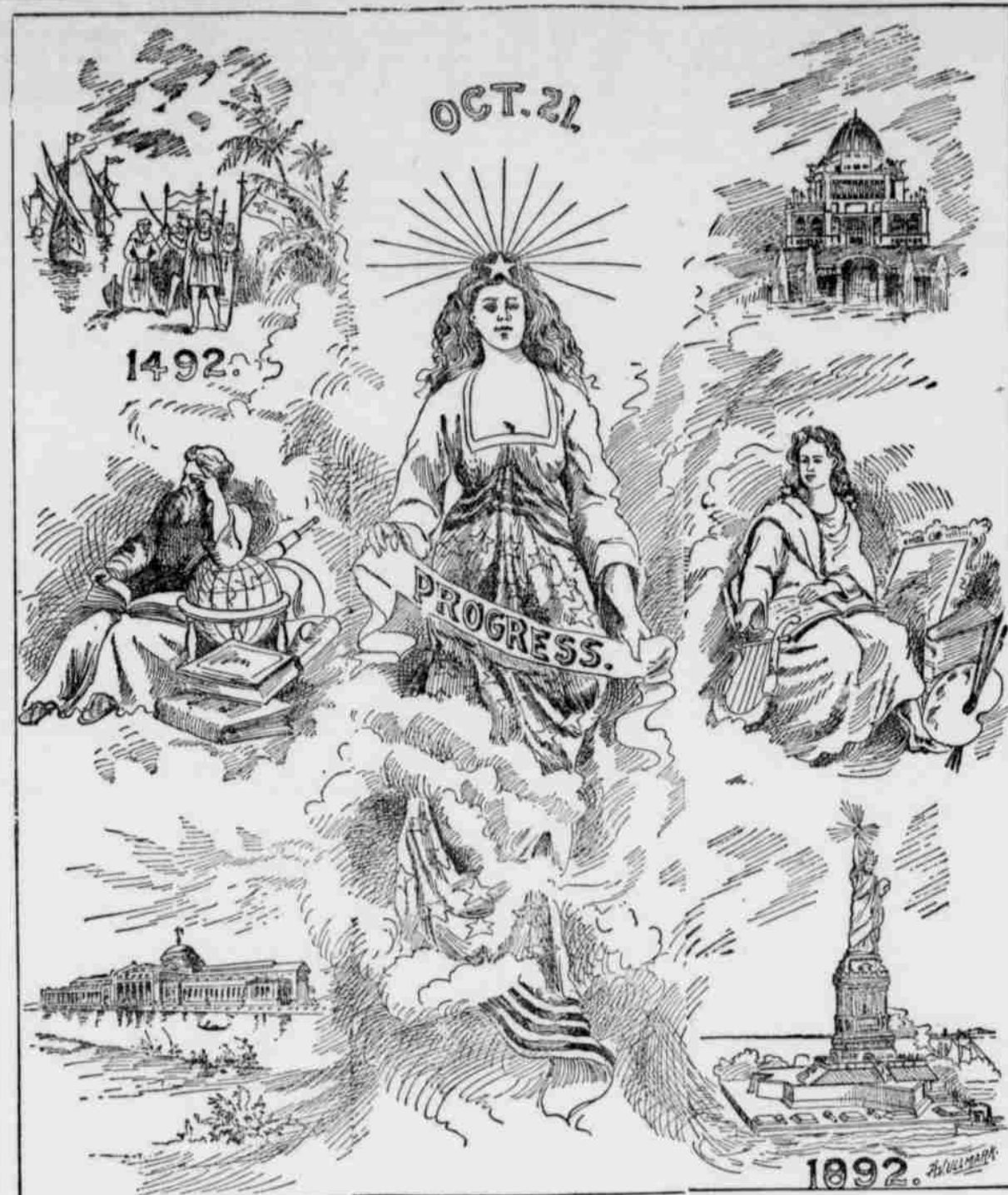
Bookkeeper—I hope you will try
and overlook my miscalculations, as
I am so deeply in love with your
daughter that half the time I don't
know what I'm doing. May I hope?

"There, you see, you make another
miscalculation."—Texas Siftings.

Well Meant.

Mr. Figg—Young man, what did
you mean by telling your mother such
an outrageous fib this afternoon?

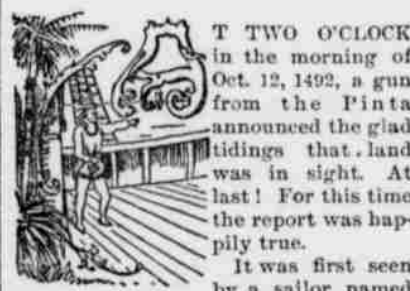
Tommy—I meant for her to believe
it, but it 'pears like she didn't.



SHIPS OF COLUMBUS.

PICTURES OF THE SANTA MA-
RIA, PINTA AND NINA.

How the Joyful Sound of Land Rang
Out from the Former—Columbus
First Thanked God and Then Kissed
the Soil of the New World.



At TWO O'CLOCK
in the morning of
Oct. 12, 1492, a gun
from the Pinta
announced the glad
tidings that land
was in sight. At
last! For this time
the report was hap-
pily true.

It was first seen
by a sailor named
Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward
was subsequently adjudged to Colum-
bus as he had seen a light the night
previous.

At daylight, the land was plainly
visible about six miles off, and the
great mystery of the western ocean
was revealed.

The squadron was brought to anchor



THE SANTA MARIA.

By signal from the flag-ship, and the
boats were lowered, manned and
armed. Columbus entered his own
boat richly attired in scarlet, and bear-
ing the royal standard.

The captains of the Pinta and Nina,
the brothers Pinzon, put off in their
boats, each bearing a banner, embles-
soned with a green cross, having on



THE PINTA.

each side the letters F and Y, Fernando
and Ysabel, surmounted by crowns.

Immediately on landing, Columbus
threw himself upon his knees, kissed
the earth, and with tears of joy
devoutly returned thanks to God. His
example was followed by the rest.

Then, rising, Columbus drew his sword,
displayed the royal standard, and in
the name of the Sovereigns of Castile
took possession of the island, which he
named San Salvador (Saint Saviour.)

During these ceremonies the natives
of the island stood aloof, gazing in
silent wonder and admiration at the
strangers, who they supposed had
descended in their winged barks from
the skies.

The caravels had fulfilled their mis-
sion. Humble instruments that they
were, they had enabled the great nav-
igator to confirm what was then
deemed his extravagant theory of a
new route to India.

Such, in brief, is the story of the
caravels. In a modest way the United
States government has sought to do
them honor, and their port of departure
has not been forgotten. They, together
with the great admiral, as well as the
humble sailor whose good fortune it
was to be the first to see the land of
Western World, have all been remem-
bered, and their names perpetuated in
the United States navy list.

A fine line of battle ship of eighty
guns, launched from the Washington
navy yard in 1819, was christened
Columbus. She was burnt at Norfolk
in '61.

The St. Mary's (twenty guns), named
after the Santa Maria, was launched
from the Washington navy yard in
1844, and is now the school ship of
New York city. The Pinta, gun-boat,
is at Sitka, Alaska. The Nina, tug-
boat, is on special service. The Palos,
gun-boat, is on the Asiatic station.

The Triana, tug, recently wrecked,
was named after the poor sailor who
missed the pension, but who, let us
hope, received the velvet doublet.

Columbus' Cannon on Exhibition.

Two of the cannon which, it is be-
lieved, were at one time mounted on
board Christopher Columbus' flag-ship
were received at Chicago recently.

The cannon are of the ancient and
clumsy pattern of such guns turned
out in the fifteenth century. Nothing
but the body of the guns remains, the
woodwork, of course, having rotted
away centuries ago. The guns them-
selves are almost worn to pieces and
are not much more than huge chunks
of rust. Indeed, the cannon are put
on the "scrap iron" list in the cannon
house papers. These historic old
pieces have been secured for exhibi-
tion at the world's fair. One of the
naval officers who was detailed for
work in connection with the Colum-
bus exposition found the relics at one
of the West India islands. Tradition
and substantial proof showed that the
cannon had been used in a fort erected
by Columbus' son, and that they were
brought from Spain with Columbus' fleet.
The ruins of the fort are still to
be seen.

When Jones read of "the finding of
an abandoned schooner" he remarked
that it was probably empty.

COLUMBUS' WIFE.

The Woman Whom He Loved the
Daughter of a Navigator.

Laws like those which in chemistry
govern the affinity of combining atoms
in social intercourse produce personal
affinities. The greatest of all discover-
ers was himself destined to wed the
daughter of a discoverer. Columbus
often went to mass on Sundays and
other obligatory days. His residence
in Lisbon being near the convent of
All Saints, he resorted thither to per-
form his devotions, and in his assidu-
ous attendance there it was his fate to
be attracted by Dona Felipa Muniz
until he sought and obtained her in
marriage.

The affection of Columbus for the
young Lusitanian doubtless possessed
practical features also, in view of the
sailor's desire to live for the realization
in his ripe age of the work already
fully planned in the latter years of his
exuberant youth. Moreover, crediting
his contemporaries as we should, the
incomparable pilot displayed two traits
capable of turning the head, I will not
say of Dona Felipa Muniz, but of every
woman—eloquence and personal at-
tractiveness.

His many graces captivated her
sense, his eloquence her mind. Felipa
Muniz and Christopher Columbus were
made one, in conformity with religion
and law, in holy indissoluble wedlock.

The year after their union a son was
born to them, who was baptized in
Lisbon and named Diego.

The first and most important results
of his marriage to Columbus were that
two of his wife's brothers-in-law ex-

stretching the entire length of the
vessel. Steam launches and cutters
ride at the bows, and all the outward
appearance of a real ship of war is imi-
tated.

COST OF THE FAIR.

Together with an Estimate of What
the Actual Profits Will Be.

The total cost of the exposition
structures alone is \$8,000,000. This
amount, however, represents less than
one-half of the total expenditure for
the great enterprise. The Grounds
and Buildings committee give the fol-
lowing list of necessary expenses:

Grading, filling, etc., \$450,000; land-
scape gardening, \$323,490; viaducts and
bridges, \$125,000; piers, \$70,000; water-
way improvements, \$235,000; railways,
\$500,000; steam plant \$800,000; elec-
tricity, \$1,500,000; statuary on build-
ings, \$100,000; vases, lamps, and posts,
\$50,000; seating, \$8,000; water supply,
sewerage, etc., \$600,000; improvement
of lake front, \$200,000; World's Con-
gress Auxiliary, \$200,000; construction
department expenses, fuel, etc., \$520,
000; organization and administration,
\$3,308,563; operating expenses during
exposition, \$1,550,000; total, \$10,530,
453.

This sum, added to the amount to be
expended in the erection of buildings,
makes necessary a grand total expendi-
ture by the Exposition company of
\$18,530,453. This, it must be clearly
understood, does not include any part
of the United States government ap-
propriation, or any part of the appropria-
tions of the several States or
foreign countries. Of this \$18,530,453,
it is estimated that \$17,000,000 will
have to be paid out before the opening
of the gates of the exposition on May
1, 1893. The total expenditure of the
Exposition company to date for all
purposes is about \$4,000,000.

The resources of the exposition are
as follows: Stock subscriptions, \$5,721,
230; City of Chicago bonds, \$5,000,000;
Prospective gate receipts, \$10,000,000;
Concessions and privileges, \$1,500,000;
salvage, \$1,600,000; interest on deposits,
\$33,452; total, \$23,754,682.

The Dedication Day Parade.

The Dedication day parade of
the Exposition will be headed by the Colum-
bian guards, several thousand in num-
ber. Next will come the President and
of its having been conveyed to Bar-Vice-President, members of the Cabli-
towelom Peretrello, the father of his net and officers of the exposition in
wife and of Felipa, by the congress carriages. Then the board of lady
managers, civilians, secret societies
and various industrial organizations.

The parade will form on Michigan
avenue and the side streets, will pro-
ceed to Adams, to Wabash, north to
Lake street, west to State, south to
Adams, west to Franklin, south to
Jackson, east to State, south to Van
Buren, where it will disband.

She: "I wonder why it is that wo-
men are not as great poets as men
tion, but the Marquis de Lacaze offers?" He: "That's an easy one. The
to send it over if the government were in a woman and its takes a man
will pay the charges, which it un-to manager her."

Washington's Portrait at the Fair.

The Marquis de Lacaze of Paris has
a portrait of George Washington, made
by Stewart, an American painter,
which he offers to lend to the world's
fair at Chicago. It was taken to France
by his wife's grandfather, at one time
Minister to the United States. As the
portrait is by an American artist, it
cannot be exhibited in the French sec-
tion, but the Marquis de Lacaze offers
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The Wife of Christopher Columbus.

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career; one at Palos, a small Spanish
port peopled by hardy sailors, the other
in Porto Santo, the island discovered
by the exploring expeditions organ-
ized by the Infante Dom Henry, and
bestowed as a fief upon the Peretrellos
for reasons not well explained in his-
tory. The brother-in-law at Porto
Santo was named Pedro Correa. He
inherited the island by entail, because
of its having been conveyed to Bar-
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